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Middlebury Vt. July 12th 1829

Dear Mother

I have been waiting for a week or two to hear from home, but have waited in vain. Undoubtedly the pressure of business has been so great upon you that you have found no time to devote to the task of writing. For some cause my thoughts have been often with you since I left home and I have felt an unusual anxiety to hear from you. Therefore, for the purpose of solacing my imagination and for the purpose of gratifying my friends and myself I write you this evening. It is a calm & peaceful moment. The tasks of the day are past. The hum of business is hushed. The votaries of science are in their cells: the sun has dipped its head in the western sea. the moon, with majestick beauty has thrown her silvery mantle over the landscape and the twinkling luminaries gracefully navigate the "deep blue sky." In a quiet, thoughtful nature sleeps in her loneliness. It is a holy moment. a thinking being, with a heart like the present is mine, is constrained to raise his thoughts from earth to heaven — fascinated by the imagination he surveys through the ethereal fields of poesy, and even shoots beyond the space where luminaries gaze entranced, but fears to tempt the untrodden heights: and then, perhaps, lighting upon a ray of some planet, he gazes with wonder and admiration on the grandeur and sublimity of natures works and with awe and reverence, acknowledges and adores natures God. The spirit of peace settles upon the heart — unfetters the thoughts — and elevates the soul to the Creator of the universe; it is then that we behold the parent of creation in his works — we see his grandeur, in earth, sea and sky; feel his approbation in the emotions which they raise; and, wrapt mortals, half steal[illegible] God, we forget where we are in the anticipation of what that world must be

of which this lovely earth and these fair heavens are but a pattern and imperfect shadow. But like the wings of unquenchable fires she seeks and strives and soars in vain. Her mightiest efforts are powerless. Her highest flights are useless and her boldest attempts wholly fail, when endeavouring to perch upon the gate of the New Jerusalem "For eye hath not seen nor ear heard neither has it entered into the heart of man to conceive of the glories of that Heavenly place." But my Dear Mother a faint glimpse of the upper world is sufficient to calm the spirit of the follower of the Lamb. one smile from his Saviour disperses the murky clouds which may brood over his soul and one sip from the springs of eternal life outweighs the fleeting joys of earth. This world and its pleasures, my Mother appears to me more and more delusive, fleeting and false. I look back but a few years when I looked forward to riper[illegible] with a sort of [illegible] the gay dreams of prosperity and the bright visions of hope sparkled merrily before me. I saw many a flower beautifully variegating the opening scenes of flourishing youth and could scarce believe but the things of earth would feed and satisfy the soul - but I begin to discover my mistake. I have passed the flowery scenes of youth - I have repassed on the top of ease - I have sung in the bowers of pleasure - I have frequented the merry and jovial circle of youthful friends - I have chased for the phantom fame and have heard the intoxicating sounds of commendation and applause; but now in the moment I am ready to say "vanity of vanities all is vanity" my immortal spirit has been straining upon these empty husks, while substantial and satisfying sustenance has been too little tasted. I have vainly endeavoured to feast upon empty dreams, delusive hopes and fancy creations. I would that my past experience might lead me to aim at nobler objects might learn me to use the world as not abusing it and induce me to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with eternal realities. Time is hurrying me swiftly on its resistless current marks and shapes glide by like moments in childhood and the future looks dark, fickle and uncertain. Oh that I might live in such a manner, that, be my days short or long I could triumphantly hail their termination. - - - -

You will probably be pleased to hear how friend David and myself manage our domestick concerns. It would undoubtedly occasion a smile could you witness the adventures with which we manage our culinary department - or could you see the simple meals and regularity which reigns in our Country. We have no disputes which shall provide or prepare our food - no soldiery about who shall wash and wipe the dishes. Every thing is kept in its place. We are as well pleased with our board as we have been - nor do we enjoy better health than when we used oatmeal. Our board costs about $2 cts per week - have milk twice a day. I have written to Sister J and brother B but have received no answers. I have visited Mrs Dewey - had a very interesting interview - introduced the subject respecting Mr Reuss - she appeared to approve of the plan, and agreed to write to him upon the subject. I hope you will be provided for another year so that your cares may be some measure (at least) be removed. Some disagreeable sensations disturbed my spirit on the day I left home - occasioned by the manner of my departure, but I fought against their influence and by this means they had no great advantage over me, and I have uniformly this term enjoyed myself very well. Although at times there is something which looks like a misfeeling atmosphere, sometimes breathing around the peaceful home of my childhood, still as long as I have a friend Mother and a beloved Sister there - my heart - my benedictions and my prayers shall hover around the hallowed spot. Seasons shall not chill our feelings freeze the streams of filial reciprocal love. Write soon. Love to all

[illegible]

Middlebury Vt
July 23

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Miss Polly Fisher

Respected

Sir